===> Homestuck: Start the Loops

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===> Homestuck: Start the Loops

by Tasjaw0n7

Summary

There's a table with a cake and an old poster on it. A note is there. A computer on a desk is in the other corner, chair and DVD shelf and all. The chest is there too, another cake lies on it, with a hammer and nails on the floor.

What.
-
Even in dream bubbles you usually have your god robes, and this is alarming.

More alarming however, is the sudden vision of your mother humming to herself while preparing the velvet pillow right under your letter with a sigh of her own.

This isn't a dream bubble.
-
You blink under your shades. No, definitely not a dream bubble. You can't be dead either, SBURB purgatory is way different than this; you have your millions of time clones to know that.

But if it's not a dream bubble, if you aren't dead....

Then what the fuck is this?
-
Your body isn't the same. Your god-tier dress isn't on you. You're younger, you're wearing the atom shirt with a long skirt that's supposed to be torn because you aren't 13 anymore you're supposed to be 16 what's going on?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

===> John: Wake up.

The morning breeze is nice today. The light swish of curtain fabric over slightly opened windows floats above you, your canopy of dreams beginning to fade in its autumn scent.

You groan, sitting up and stretching, a loud yawn and smack of your lips to show that you are indeed awake. The bed under you feels nice and you thank Jade for her excellent alchemization skills, it's nice and fluffy and it reminds you of home. With a rub to your eyes, you thrown off your covers and put your feet on the floor.

It's cold.

A frown appears on your lips, wasn't there a carpet there on the ship? Dave sprite must be doing some stupid prank again, oh when you get him this time you'll....

Wait. Where are your god-tier clothes?

You squint at your legs and stomach, making out jeans and a white shirt. You try and take your glasses out of your sylladex to make sure you are seeing this right but nothing comes out. Another try, and... Nothing.

What the hell is going on?

Peering your eyes around you, you're able to make out more of the bed and your hand stumbles on it before finally grabbing glass and frame. Putting on your glasses is easy but whats not is the fact that the room you're in is not your room. Well, it is but it's not supposed to be yours anymore.

There's a table with a cake and an old poster on it. A note is there. A computer on a desk is in the other corner, chair and DVD shelf and all. The chest is there too, another cake lies on it, with a hammer and nails on the floor.

What.

===> Rose: Rise.

Unlike John, it's actually harder for you to get up in the mornings. Country to popular belief you are not an early riser, though years of perfect manipulation on your friends and a facade of non-brain dead zombieness and actual human responses has successfully covered that fact up. You lie in bed for a few minutes, eyes closed and bed covers sprawled everywhere. Again, not something most people would expect of you but at least you aren't drooling like Dave sometimes does.

You have no breeze to wake you up but instead you have a ball of yarn fall on your forehead, which comes from a box residing far to close to your face. With a groan you slowly, painstakingly, sit up and gracefully sit there with blurry eyes.

There's a wardrobe in front of you, violin sitting on it with eager anticipation to be played.

Figures, another dream bubble. With a sigh you try and imagine the pesky yarn box away, yet it's cardboard stays ever resilient.

How odd. You must be losing your touch. Maybe if you try bit harder.... No. It's not working. Was the alcohol that bad this time around? Couldn't be, you only had a few shots.

You examine the rest of the room, taking in the desk with your old and fond computer humming with energy. The posters adorning your walls showing Grimmdark gods of the depths, making you twitch a bit at memories of less fortunate times, and the large bookcase with a plushy and orb on it.

Your old room it seems. How nostalgic. Another flare of you trying to poof away the posters proves ineffective, it also proves you're more annoyed by now, and you rise from the bed with a sigh. What a pain, this is ridiculous.

You are almost caught up in your annoyance too much to notice how your clothes are not bright orange robes, but instead a shirt with your skull symbol and a skirt that is supposed to be far to small for you by now. Luckily it's an almost and you blink in surprise at the old clothes. Even in dream bubbles you usually have your god robes, and this is alarming.

More alarming however, is the sudden vision of your mother humming to herself while preparing the velvet pillow right under your letter with a sigh of her own.

This isn't a dream bubble.

===> Dave: Get the fuck up you slacker.

Alright, don't have to be so rude.

You open your eyes to the unforgiving light that is just another day in the life of what you call Dave Strider: Hell on Earth/Meteor Death Crew, Volume 7 out of Twelve; Part One out of Nine. The make believe movie series is personally signed by you, every single copy. You don't like to leave shit unfinished you see, and each one of your fans you treat like it's your own child. A fat, weeaboo, mildly immature and soft squishy child, yet a child none the less. Your fans create this industry, without them you would be homeless and on the streets begging for change that rich white people in their fancy Chihuahua made coats they bought with Silicon Valley money raised on the backs of hard working oppressed Mexicans simply won't hand out for free. You gotta dance in your size 12 jeans you stole off the hobo woman three blocks away for them, do a little tango and maybe pull in a few jazz hands for effect. It's a hard knock life like Annie says, but even starving ex-movie makers got to get by with doing the salsa for a few pennies of change.

Speaking of fans, the blow of air whiffs over your opening and blank seeming eyeballs and the hum of blades twirling like samurai swords makes you frown in confusion. Not to say you're distraught or anything, just confused.

Getting up to take a look around, oh wait fuck snag your shades on first before you do anything else, you see it all.

Your cinder block held up desk, complete with computer hand picked by your Bro of course, surrounded by gear for making fresh beats and jam tapes is in front of you first. Next is the dastardly fan itself, blowing away like a man on... You won't get into that metaphor. Of course your record shelf is there too, your improved dark room closet for photos or the decorative swords over head can't be missed either, and the rest of the room is just how you remember it. More held up tables and posters of long dead rap artists and celebrities. It's home. Old home.

This isn't right.

You grit your teeth, still keeping up your poker face even though theres's no one here to see you. You don't hate this room per se, but the memory that comes with it in almost all dream bubbles has made you dislike the presence of something that isn't meant to exist anymore.

A flick of fury in your mind is supposed to make this whole room go away and turn into another place on your old planet but the room stays the same, the fan whirling without a care in the world.

You blink under your shades. No, definitely not a dream bubble. You can't be dead either, SBURB purgatory is way different than this; you have your millions of time clones to know that.

But if it's not a dream bubble, if you aren't dead....

Then what the fuck is this?

===> Jade: Wake up silly!!!!

No. You hate getting up. You have a sleeping disorder for a reason you know, and you tend to take as many advantages of it as you can.

===> Jade: Come on, wake up! :(

... Huh, fine. Maybe you do sleep a lot but you do enjoy it, especially on this ship where is there is nothing to do but sleep. And eat. And argue. And walk. And talk while not arguing. An--- No! You're getting off topic here!

The point is to wake up, and even though you don't want to you will. Ugh. Blah. How do you move arms?

You slowly push yourself off of the ground where yet another sleep session occurred. You like to think of your narcolepsy as a randomizer of fun and dreams instead of a disability, which it's not in your opinion thank you very much, and just something that prevents you from getting to your favorite TV shows on time or stops you from getting more chores done than you need to do.

It takes you a bit to readjust to the world of the awakened, rubbing your head to make sure there aren't any bruises there, and taking a deep breath.

Huh, smells like... Dog. With a bit of plastic plush and flowers. Maybe some cinnamon? Oh! Johns Nannasprite must have made some cookies. Hopefully not anything with chocolate again, those give you bad stomach aches. It's just part of the deal with being half dog person unfortunately. Not like being part dog is bad, you might not be able to see all the colors you used too or you can't eat chocolate and maybe the fact that you howl sometimes is a bit weird but you have great smell and hearing to make up for it!

Hearing... You hear chirping of birds and waves of the sea crash against rocks. It's loud, not too loud anyway, but you jump up in sudden thoughts to back away and fall over something.

A quick grab reveals that it's a... A... Oh.

Oh no. No. NO. NO, THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!!! NO NO NO THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT!!!!

You quickly and emotionally hug the poor damaged Mr. Squiddle plush toy, trying to recover its sewn in smile where a large boot print has squished its lovable face. Why did this have to happen? Why do the good die young? Whhhhhhhhhyyyy????

A noise, the sound of a bark that is not your own, echoes through out your house and up your stair way.

Your heart clenches suddenly, your mind feels blank yet so sharp as you snap into full on observation mode.

The posters are here, all your old obsessions posted up neatly on the walls, the guns are there and lined up in the same position they were on the day that everything happened. Your bed is here, the worktable is still piled on with your failed invention of an automatic dog feeder and the broken teleportization device. Oh god, there's your old dolls and plushes scattered everywhere with flowers growing in home made pots hanging from the ceiling.

The bark again, Bec's bark that you remember so well, comes closer.

Your body isn't the same. Your god-tier dress isn't on you. You're younger, you're wearing the atom shirt with a long skirt that's supposed to be torn because you aren't 13 anymore you're supposed to be 16 what's going on?

Bec rushes into the room panting as he goes over and whines, nuzzling your arm to ask what's wrong.

You stay there, shocked and happy all at once.

You wrap your arms around him, hugging him tightly.

Good dog, best friend.

===> John: Asses situation and why cakes smell good.

The first thing you do is take big sniff, and indeed do wonder why the cake seems so good. It's tempting, tantalizing, yet also really weird and nostalgic. You used to hate cake, since

your dad made it so much that you got sort of sick of it after a while, but after the game it became more of a sad thing to eat.

Nanna made it for you on occasion, just on birthdays, and while they were nice they didn't really taste like dads. Nothing tasted like dads food after he died, or smelled like it either.

So how come these cakes were like dads? And on that topic, how come this room is like your old one before the game?

The cold floor doesn't bother you anymore as you stand up, walking to the center of... Whatever this is. It can't be your old room, that was 3 years ago. You move your arms a bit, testing the mobility of t-shirt that smells like batter and fresh laundry. It feels just like it, just like the soft fabric your dad made you try out at JcPennys before he bought you the custom shirt.

You aren't scared or panicked, and maybe you're supposed to be but if you are then you're just kind of in a blur right now. You move to the computer, turning it on with a tap of the power button.

Rose's name is the first on your list.

You move the mouse and click on it.

====> Rose: Try not to panic and find out what the hell is going on.

There's a few things you forgot about your room. One, it really is messy. Two, you forgot how many balls of yarn you have in just your bed alone. Three, it's way smaller than your room on the meteor and you haven't been in such a cramped place ever since Dave locked you in closet for peering at his latest rap works for some good old fashioned criticizing.

After the realization that this place isn't a dream bubble it took you a minute to regain your composure, especially after the vision of your mother who had been dead for three years which nearly made you run down there and just hug her to get your feelings out in one swift mental breakdown. The only thing that stopped you was how that person might not be your mother and instead some game construct that was meant to test you.

With the end of the shock you quickly ran a check list of everything you were able to do. You felt younger, way younger, and your voice is actually a bit higher pitched when you think about it. Everything in the room is just the way you remember, up to the last sewing needle and misplaced book. Your Seer powers seemed somewhat functional but it's hard to tell since you couldn't exactly see anything truly revealing right now.

What you can see though, is the bright blink of your computer flashing a new message towards your Pesterchum account.

It's John.

Whatever this place is, if it's really the past like you think it might be, then John never contacted you this early.

...If this is John at least. You can't rule out any possibilities.

You head over to the computer, hesitating before sitting on the chair, and click the message.

EB: rose? please answer, you're the only one here and i'm pretty sure i'm like 13 or something right now.
EB: and i don't mean by my birthday.
EB: come on! i'm actually kinda freaked out here.

Not good enough to be John, you have to test this thing out first.

TT: If you are John, tell me three things only you would know.
EB: uh...
EB: on your 12th birthday you chopped off your pinata's head off with a weed whacker.
EB: and dave secretly likes lady gaga's pokerface song unironically.
EB: probably shouldn't have said that, he is going to murder me.
TT: I doubt that. You still have one more.
EB: okay, in the game you wanted to single handedly go and blow up the green sun with the tumor.
EB: wait no i mean [color 0000] The Tumor [/colar 0000] .
EB: ugh.
EB: i hate that code, i always get it wrong!
EB: are we even doing that thing anymore? its so stupid i mean what purpose does it serve?
EB: its just a name it doesn't need a fancy title bbc code!

This is definitely John.

TT: You're John.
EB: well yeah, who else would i be?
TT: An in-game construct to test my sanity.
EB: i'm not a sburb thing don't worry.
EB: in fact i'm glad i'm not!
EB: but we seem to be pre sburb don't we?
TT: It appears so. Do you have any contact with Dave or Jade?
EB: no, they haven't gone online yet.
TT: When they do, start a memo and discuss the current situation with them. I have to do something.
EB: do what?
TT: I need to see what this place is.
EB: i don't know if thats a good idea rose, something might happen to you!
EB: the last thing we need is that.
TT: I'll be careful, I promise.
EB: :(
TT: I'll see you soon.

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

EB: >:(
EB: god DAMMIT rose!!!!

===> Dave: Push up your shades and scream like a banshee.

You fail to scream like a banshee, much to your happiness, but you do push up your shades before they fall off your face.

Nope, this shit can't possibly be happening.

Obviously it's not a dream bubble, but it's not real life either. Though if it's not real then how are you feeling the wind and the heat from outside? It has to be something else... Something, something logical like time travel. You are the Knight of Time after all, maybe you time sleep traveled?

No, that sounds fucking stupid. Probably doesn't exist either, unless that Aradia troll zapped you back to the past or something; which you doubt since she is actually nice and somewhat saner than most of the people you know. Not like anyone is really sane here to begin with though so in the end she could poof you to 1340 Antartica if she wanted to with none the wiser.

You find yourself getting out of bed and going to your wardrobe to put on your day clothes, your body kicking into reflexive routine while you think things through.

Speaking of the trolls, where are they? If this is the past then they must be in that hell rock of a meteor with Karkat filling the room with obscenities like a broken record player some 80 or 70 year old threw it in the trash but kept on playing despite all odds when a rat pressed on the needle thing that.... That let it play out Midnight crew music at a.... Fuck.

Your mind is swarming with too many thoughts to finish that metaphor and it just makes you more annoyed. Do they even know this stuff is happening? Does Terezi remember the time you two dated? Does Kanaya even know who Rose is? Karkat has to remember how you flipped him onto a table, that kind of stuff doesn't just leave your brain without a lobotomy or some shit.

Wait... Does Rose remember you?

Yeah, she has to. John and Jade have too. They all have to.

You shake your head, you're getting too far into fake possibilities Dave. Just... Just act normal. Maybe this is all just a dream, an actual dream and not some bubble in the vast wastelands of the horror terrors.

What was the first thing you tried to do....? Shit this is harder than you thought.

You step towards your turntables, no, the closet. Johns present. Right. You captchalogue it, using its code as the 'BOX' just like you remember. Into slot 5. Good.

Next thing you do is check out the apple juice, oh god it's been so long since you've tasted it's delicious apple goodness run down your raw and aching esophagus. You can practically feel it now, the glorious flavor that will surely let waves of pure joy fill your very soul.

No. You... You can't.... If this is the past, or a dream, whatever it is you can't mess with it.

You regretfully captchalogue the juice, using ‘JUICE’ as it’s code to go into slot 7. You’ll have it later, you tell yourself so you don’t burst into tears on the spot.

Next... What’s the next thing you do? You wanted John to... To what? Something... Yeah, you have to message him about his birthday! That’s it.

You hurry to the computer, booting it up while taking some breaths to steady yourself. You try to remember what you said, and you rub your forehead in an attempt to get those prepubescent brain juices flowing.

John’s active, along with Rose. Was Rose online last time? Probably, you don’t want to think about it too much.

You start up a new conversation with John, taking a deep breath and typing.

TG: is it there dude
TG: say yes it is john its got to be
TG: ey maybe you could hit rose up with it shes been fucking pestering me all day
TG: this and that about the game like please calm your lady tits ive got this in the fucking bag

Oh god you don’t want to type this. You really don't holy shit.

TG: i mean its like shes trying to mack on me so hard im beginning to be embarrassed for her

Good bye dignity, hello ecto-sibling incest hell.

TG: not like i blame her or anything though i mean come on
TG: have you seen how great my pecks are

Dear god you are so fucking screwed.

===> Jade: Squeeze Bec like a plushy and cry.

You do squeeze Bec in a tight hug, grabbing onto his fur and shaking with sobs. It’s been so long, oh god so long, with out seeing him wag his tail or pant with his cute adorable tongue out or him smiling, him breathing, him / living /.

Bec isn’t very comfortable in your reunion embrace, and he twitches with green sparking energy. It’s obvious he’s uncomfortable and confused but he whines and licks the tears off your face anyway.

Good dog, best friend.

You hold him for a few minutes afterwards, eventually letting him go as you give him a big kiss on his forehead. You can’t remember a time where you’ve been this happy, you don’t even care that you’re spitting out dog hair right now because holy shit you are so happy.

Bec licks your cheeks again, getting all the tears off your skin. You smile, letting your hands run down his fur to gently pet him. You don’t care what is going on now but you are so glad this happened. You just hope it’s not a dream, you really hope it isn’t.

At this point you sigh contently, letting go of Bec with one last kiss before making your way to the strawberry plant that's growing next to the window. Grabbing a berry off of it, you wipe it clean and then eat it; savoring the yummy taste. Nannasprites cooking and alchemized foods, although great, never held a candle to the true greatness that is fresh fruit.

You're pretty sure Bec is questioning your sanity by now but he warps away to do something more important than watching you eat plants with a look of pure joy on your face. Either that or he's freaked out.

Wow you missed your house so much. People don't really care for stuff until it's gone apparently. You will never make that mistake again. Ever.

Your desire for fruits, while not satisfied, must wait for now. You captchalogue the nearest rifle, ah you missed this old gun, and arm yourself for anything that will happen in the future. Never leave the party without a weapon for... Wait, no, that's not how the quote goes. Blah.

You travel to the lower levels of your house, taking time to soak in the beauty of each room and how much you missed this place.

Eventually you reach the greenhouse and there lies the most fruits and vegetables you've seen since the game began.

You dive in.

===> John: Flip computer desk in fury at Rose's friendleader insubordination.

You fail to flip the desk as your weak tweeenage-like arms only make it slightly tilt and shake before it flops back on the floor.

Dammit Rose, this is just like what you did three years ago!

You sigh again, glancing around the room and staring at the cake on your drawer. It couldn't hurt to take a bite, after all this is probably your old house and dads cakes are the best. Then again this could still be some weird game thing... But maybe it's--

Nope you're already at the cake. You probably shouldn't be, no wait you are taking a bite already it's too late nothing is stopping you now.

...Wow this tastes way better than you remembered. Sorry Nanna but nothing beats home made dad food.

There's another pinging on your computer, but it goes unattended for a few seconds as you lift the cake to go on your desk. No use keeping it over there, you've barely gotten into it yet after all. As you place the cake down on the desk the note falls off the wardrobe and as you know it you're back there reading the message and smiling.

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY SON. I AM SO PROUD OF YOU.'

You captchalogue it, noticing it's reverted back to the Stack Modus, and go back to the computer. It's a message from Dave, but the contents makes you worry just a bit.

TG: is it there dude
TG: say yes it is john its got to be
TG: ey maybe you could hit rose up with it shes been fucking pestering me all day
TG: this and that about the game like please calm your lady tits ive got this in the fucking bag
TG: i mean its like shes trying to mack on me so hard im beginning to be embarrassed for her
TG: not like i blame her or anything though i mean come on
TG: have you seen how great my pecks are

Nervousness creeps up your back as you hesitate over the keyboard. It doesn't seem like Dave is aware of this time back skip, which is kinda of not funny since he is your time player, but you decide to go for the blunt route.

EB: dave have you noticed anything weird lately?
TG: what are you talking about
TG: the fact that my muscles are getting better or something else
EB: ew, no.
EB: i mean like...
EB: you feel younger, or something happened but you can't put your finger on it?
EB: anything?
EB: dave?
TG: what yeah
TG: shit man i thought you didnt know
TG: i guess i worked myself up there huh
TG: but yeah how the fuck are we younger and where the hell is everyone
EB: well i've talked to rose and she knows what's happening too. as for jade, she hasn't been online yet.
EB: i'm kind of worried actually, i hope she's okay.
TG: me too
TG: so rose remembers us right
EB: yeah, and the game and everything that happened.
TG: okay that is a fucking relief holy shit i was actually really scared there
EB: you? how is the cool kid scared?
TG: hey cool kids like me can get a bit worked up sometimes
TG: don't judge me man youre better than that
TG: or did your younger happy 13th birthday brain turn your morals into sticky goop
EB: the only thing goopy here is my dads cake! it tastes way better than i remember.
TG: that reminds me
TG: bro is downstairs just waiting to pile me with smuppet abominations
EB: no! don't go!
EB: rose already left to do something to 'test this place' and i don't want anyone else leaving until we know what's going on.
TG: rose left
TG: she going to be okay
EB: probably, i'm pretty sure this place is the actual past and she'll just run into her mom or something.
TG: thats not a good outcome
EB: why?
TG: she can tell you later

EB: alright... oh! she told me to make a memo once i found you and jade.
EB: but since jade hasn't answered yet i'll just make it so when she comes back we can all talk.
TG: alright but you better name it something cool
EB: don't worry dave, i got it all under control. i'll send you the link.
EB: [link] "calling all kids back to home!" [/link]
EB: god dammit fuck it, just click on it.
TG: youre the friend leader boss

-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

===> Rose: Investigate.

The worst way to start an investigation is the way you are beginning it.

Slowly opening your door to the dark halls of your home, you find the claps of thunder behind large glass windows comforting in some way. It's odd, creeping in the quiet again with the idea of your mom finding you. You aren't sure if you want her to find you or if you want to be left undisturbed. You aren't even sure what exactly you're doing, what you're trying to find, what you're trying to see. Whatever it is, you inch closer down the hall and towards the observatory.

It was your first destination, yet you're uncertain if you should return there. Would she expect you to? Does she even know she died in front of you by Jack? Maybe she doesn't even know you exist.

You hope she remembers.

You also hope your sneaking skills have improved over the course of the game, instead of getting worse. You might not be able to handle seeing her, even if it might be an in-game monster thing it would still look like her. What makes you nervous is just the possibility. What should you hope for? Your real mom alive again, or it being some construct to test you? Which one do you even want? Should you want anything or just let fate take its course?

Stop it. What ifs aren't getting you anywhere.

The junction is right ahead, you twitch and take a breath. This is it. Your computer is safely in your Branch Modus, along with your violin and Grimmore book that you wanted to bring for nostalgias sake.

Going ahead you stop at the hall that connects to the window. A gulp later and the lighting flashes and you run to the other side, not looking back. You push the door to the outside open, shielding your eyes from the falling rain. Looking up, you spot no meteors. Thank god.

You enter the observatory, placing the computer down on the Grimmore book and turning it on again. Flipping to the signals page, you connect to the unsecured SN_0413 link with practiced ease.

-- ectoBiologist [EB] has invited you to Memo "calling all the kids back home" with turntechGodhead [TG] and gardenGnostic [GG] --

You enter the chat.

===> Dave: Discuss the situation with John, using September weddings and Youtube as examples.

TG: look john let me put it in perspective for you
TG: when i woke up it was like i was this bride at a september wedding
EB: oh jeez, do you really have to do another one of your metaphors?
TG: yes john i have to
EB: ughhhhhhhhhhh.
TG: now calm down those spiraling h's cuz im going for it
EB: please don't.
TG: its too late john you can't stop me now
TG: lets put this in perspective
TG: on the day of my september wedding the sun was shining ever so shamelessly bright and birds were tweeting harder than twitter on crack and bees were buzzing and flowers were having pollination sex every fucking where
TG: but then all of a sudden the sky rumbled like it had fucking indigestion after one too many chipotle burritos and darkened like some horrific vagina with teeth was getting ready to pop right out of the sky
TG: the ceremony was just rained out so obscenely bad that a video of me standing hilariously horrified as months of lovingly detailed planning slipped off was something reminiscent of niagara falls
TG: it went fucking viral on youtube and was the most watched film for seemingly 4 thousands years after
TG: im serious here it literally got watched so many times that the exact fucking index of how shitty my day had been was soundly beaten into pop culture immortality
TG: at sunset i would most likely be googling ticket prices desperately through estrogen-laden teary eyes with the intent of relocating my entire existence in all planes of reality to a different hemisphere where ill change names and possibly physical appearance in the hopes of getting a karma reset
TG: i guess i could have been feeling shitter at the time though to be honest im not one to doubt the state of feeling like shit
TG: there are always new depths of it just waiting to be discovered and it wasnt like i was experiencing lethal amounts of shit depression or anything at the time
TG: my emotional immune system was holding out just fantastically then
TG: so yeah that was what it felt like when i woke up
EB: :/
TG: are you not impressed by my descriptions
TG: youve hurt my soul with your brutalness
EB: alright, your metaphor was pretty good even if i didn't get some of it.
TG: my soul is now restored
TG: your moral eche ladder has risen to boy scout earning his first badge of walking a cranky old lady down the street

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] joined Memo "calling all kids back home" --

EB: rose! :D
TG: hey sis hows the perilous investigating going
TG: have you dug through your mom porn collection to find wizard smut to recede your fangirl urges in this trying time
TT: Hello to you too Dave.
TT: And no, my 'fangirl urges' are just fine and by that I mean they are nonexistent.
TG: rose we just traveled back to when were tiny tot kiddies
TG: lighten up a bit and let your inner wizard fan girl fly like a butterfly
TT: I'd prefer not too. Getting to a more serious topic, have you contacted Jade at all?
EB: no, we haven't heard anything from her yet. maybe she's asleep? last time she didn't pester us until a bit later i think...
TG: im getting nervous too
TG: and pretty hot
TG: temperature wise i mean though either way works too
TG: you guys dont know how fucking hot my apartment is
TT: Your planet was built on lava, shouldn't you be more used to this sort of heat by now?
TG: are you telling me to doom myself to a life of fiery sun and slow agonizing melting
EB: dave you've survived being boiled in a stew pot by your own consorts.
TG: against my will
TG: i was a prisoner are you telling me im a prisoner in this apartment
TG: do you support me burning in this cramped apartment
TG: do you john
TG: answer me
EB: that's not what i meant...
TT: Dave, John, get back on topic. We still need to find out what exactly is going on here and accusations of imprisonment and memories of lizard boiling are not helping.
TG: technically i was the one being boiled not the lizards
TT: Dave.
TG: okay okay jesus i was just making a joke
EB: yeah we really should figure this out though.
TG: fine
TG: the only thing ive got is that this is really the past
TT: How are you so sure?
TG: well i am the time player for a reason
TG: plus what the fuck else kind of an explanation does anyone have
TG: oh no we all got thrown into a dream bubble with our exact houses with no places of any other memories or troll people and we cant control anything going on like we can in a normal bubble
TG: like how does that even work
EB: i agree. something, we don't what yet, made us go back in time to the start of the game.
EB: or at least a bit before it.
TG: what do you think rose
TG: solid theory or what
TT: The trolls...
EB: what about them?
TT: If we really are back in time...

TT: Does Kanaya remember me? Do any of them remember us? Are we literally back to the beginning?
EB: i'm not sure they do, they might be experiencing the same thing that we are!
EB: we can't rule out that possibility yet.
TG: when jade gets on we should contact them to see
TT: Alright.
TT: Now we wait.
EB: oh! while we do, maybe we share some stories?
EB: a lot happened in three years after all.
TG: tell me the most embarrassing stories you have
TT: Going straight for the most exploitable goods right off the bat?
TG: hey i go for the gold when i can see it
EB: alright. get ready for the story of.
EB: your.
EB: life.
EB: it all begins one day on the ships rooftop...

===> Jade: Put down that piece of broccoli and go to your friends!

You take another bite of the broccoli regardless, savoring the taste. Most kids would have fled in terror at the amount of greens you've eaten and collected but you are beyond happy. You've grown up with healthy fresh food for the first 13 years of your life and you don't care that you're in a pile of them right now this is glorious.

A loud bang, a signal that Bec has returned from whatever he was doing before, echoes through the green house. You jump at the sudden sound to see him looking at you with confusion and worry. Laughing a bit awkwardly you get out of the pile of vegetables and back onto the regular floor, patting down your long skirt and shirt off of any dusts and crumbs. Bec is not as amused, giving you a bark and a stern look. You don't know how he manages to make you guilty with a single look, he is a dog after all, but he nudges you out of the greenhouse.

Your feeble protests pose him no threat as he just zaps you back to your room regardless. Giving him the angriest face you can manage fails completely and he barks with an order to stay in your room. You're grounded for making such a mess apparently, but you won't complain. You really did mess up the greenhouse. After a stern barking to, Bec zaps off again, leaving you alone in your room. You let out a huff of mild anger and sit on your bed. The computer bounces on the sheets, directing your attention back to it.

Oh shit. You completely forgot about John, Rose, and Dave.

Your jaw drops for a second before you grab the computer and begin frantically clicking your way to Pesterchum.

-- ectoBiologist [EB] has invited you to Memo "calling all the kids back home" with turntechGodhead [TG] and tentacleTherapist [TT] --

Whew.

Going into the Memo you almost scream.

-- gardenGnostic [GG] joined Memo "the kids are back home" --

EB: and then jade totally freaked out and threw a pot at
EB: oh.
EB: uh, hi jade.
TG: oh my god
TT: We've been caught red handed.
GG: JOHN!!!!
GG: I CANT BELIEVE YOU WOULD TELL THEM ABOUT THAT!!!!!!!!
EB: sorry...
GG: WE HAD A PACT JOHN! A PACT OF SILENCE!!!!
EB: i figured it was good bonding material!
GG: BONDING MATERIAL MY ASS I AM SO DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.
EB: jade i'm really, really sorry. i won't do it again!
GG: you better not
GG: or else >:(
GG: this how im greeted, with my own brother telling embarrassing stories about me behind my back!!!
TT: If it makes you feel any better, Dave screamed at the appearance of a cockroach once.
TG: rose how could you betray me like this
TG: we had a pact
TG: a pact of silence
GG: dave!!!
TG: sorry
TT: Anyway, embarrassing stories and sibling betray aside, it seems you've also noticed we've reverted back to our 13 year old forms Jade?
GG: yeah it was pretty scary for a bit since i didnt know what was going on but i saw bec again!!!
GG: i hugged him for so long
GG: i missed him a lot
EB: none of us have really met our guardians yet.
GG: are they not there or something? :o
EB: no, they are. rose, didn't you see your mom?
TT: Not exactly. I had a vision of her and avoided her in the hallways to get to the observatory for better connection like I did originally.
TT: I don't exactly want to meet her. Not yet at least.
TG: me neither
TG: i think bro is getting tired of waiting for me
TG: and as much i want to see him im also reluctant to
TG: fear of smuppet piles aside
TG: its just been so long i guess i dont know what to do when i see him again
EB: same here. just eating dads cake is a lot for me.
EB: i've always thought about what i could do to when i meet him again but now that it's happening...
TT: I guess we will burn that bridge when it comes. For now though, we should find out if the trolls are experiencing the same thing we are or if they have also reverted to their original

state.
GG: you guys havent check on them yet?
TT: We were waiting for you.
GG: awwww thats so sweet :)
EB: hehe.
EB: so what troll should we talk to first? i mean individually. it's easier if we do that to conserve time.
TT: Kanaya.
EB: huh?
TT: I'll talk to Kanaya, that is.
TG: calm your lady boner rose jesus
TT: Shut up Dave.
TG: sure thing sis
TG: anyway ill talk to terezi
GG: ill talk to karkat
GG: i guess
GG: he is their leader and stuff so it seems pretty logical to do
EB: and... i'll...
EB: well i'm closest to vriska. i'll do her.
EB: plan set. meeting of the kids adjourned!
EB: everyone go contact your troll and see what the hell is going on. report back here when you're done.
TG: sir yes sir
TT: Alright.
GG: roger that! >:)

===> John: Talk to Vriska.

That's a bit harder to do than you thought. You mean, you do like her and all but... After a while you've grown a bit scared of her. She did kill people after all, you don't care how weird troll society is; it's still murder in the end!

You do remember her account name, arachnidsGrip. You never realized how creepy that name sounded until now, even creepier than that troll who had the word testicle in their name, but you enter it into the search for friends bar anyway.

She's active.

You take a deep breath. Lets do this.

-- ectoBiologist [EB] started pestering arachnidsGrip [AG] --

EB: vriska?
AG: Hey John ::::)
AG: Wait, how the hell do you know my name?

Oh no, she doesn't know.

EB: don't you remember?
EB: we went on all those adventures together?
EB: you sent me a love letter and dated a doomed copy of me for a while?
EB: the ghost ship?
EB: ANYTHING?!?!?!
AG: Uhhhhhhh....
AG: No?
EB: wow.
EB: really? nothing?
AG: I really don't remem8er. Sorry, I guess?
AG: W8, did you say I had a ghost ship????
EB: uh, yeah.
AG: Oh. My. GOD.
AG: T8LL ME A8OUT THIS SHIP NOW!!!!!!!!!
AG: WAS I TH8 CAPT8AN?!?!
AG: JOHN I NEED TH8S INFORMA8N RIGHT NOW!!!!
EB: uh....
EB: i have to go.
AG: What?
AG: NO DON'T G8!!!!

-- ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering arachnidsGrip [AG] --

===> Vriska: Flip computer over in fury.

You flip the computer and break it in blind anger. You were so close to knowing if you were a badass pirate like Minding but no! John just had to leave like a stupid pansy! Why John, wwwwhhhhyyyy????

You ignore everyone's looks of confusion and Terezi's laughter, shamefully moving to the next computer. On the second thought though, you give her the middle finger for emphasis and a glare; even though you know she can't see it.

God dammit.

===> Rose: Contact Kanaya

grimAuxiliatrix has always been an interesting name to you. Kanaya isn't one to be grim, blunt perhaps, but not grim. You do get the helper part though, the word auxiliatrix suits Kanaya well. A bit too well.

You try not to think of all the times she brought your drunken body back to your room and instead focus on typing out her name into the search bar. A deep breath, a crack of your knuckles, and you start the chat.

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering grimAuxiliatrix [GA] --

TT: Hello.

What a way to start out.

GA: Hello As Well
GA: May I Ask What You Are Contacting Me For
GA: Last I Remember You Didnt Exactly Want Me Or My Fellow Species Company

Kanaya doesn't know just how wrong she is.

TT: Let's say I've changed my mind for now.
TT: More specifically, I need to ask you a question.
GA: A Question
GA: Well How Could I Refuse
GA: But Before You Ask
GA: Is This A Gesture Of Human Friendship

That is not something your Kanaya would say. Maybe you need to spark up her memory?

TT: You could say that.
GA: Well Go On Then
TT: Do you perhaps remember me drunkly kissing you?
GA: I Beg Your Pardon

She doesn't remember. She doesn't know. You take a few more breaths, focusing on typing rather than the throb in your heart.

TT: Nevermind. Forget I asked.
GA: Uh Alright Then

-- tentacleTherapsit [TT] ceased pestering grimAuxiliatrix [GA] --

GA: Can I Ask If Yo
GA: Oh

===> Kanaya: Be confused. Very, very confused.

You peer at the computer screen closely. That was... Odd to say the least. Drunkenly kissing? What even is 'drunkly'? Was this some weird culturally human thing, was she flirting with you? There was the word kissing in there....

Before you can ponder the matter any further, Vriska yells in rage and flips over her computer.

Oh dear.

===> Dave: Pester Terezi.

Okay man you got this in the fucking bag. Shit is in the bag. The bag is yours. You own the bag. You are the bag.

This is stupid.

Regardless you go to an old log and click on one written by gallowsCalibrator. Terezi's name was always weird. You copy paste the title into the search bar.

Well, here we go.

-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gallowsCalibrator [GC] --

TG: yo tz you know me
GC: *G4SP* D4V3?
GC: D4MN R1GHT 1 KNOW YOU COOL K1D

Aw yes, score one for Strider. Terezi is a go.

TG: so i was coming up here to discuss a serious matter with you
GA: OH >:?
GC: DO T3LL M3 TH1S S3R1OUS M4TT3R
TG: well
TG: me and the rest of the human crew were wondering if you remember us at all
TG: but it seems our fears were totally wrong
GC: WHY WOULD 1 FORG3T YOU?
GC: 1 4M 4 M1ND PL4Y3R 4FT3R 4LL
GC: FR4NKLY 1M SHOCK3D 4ND 1NSULT3ED BY YOUR L4CK OF F41TH 1N M3 D4V3
GC: HOW COULD YOU DO TH1S TO M3? 1M ONLY S3V3N SW33PS 4ND MY M3NT4L ST4B1L1TY S1MPLY 1SNT 4S GOOD 4S YOU TH1NK 1T 1S
GC: YOU CH1LD H4T1NG MONST3R OF 4 HUM4N B31NG
TG: you talked people to death
TG: i think thats pretty mentally stable
TG: or not actually
TG: talking people to death is actually really fucked up
GC: DONT JUDG3 MY L1F3 CHOIC3S
GC: 4T L34ST 1 DONT STR41GHT UP K1LL TH3M
GC: TH4TS JUST W4Y TO BRUT4L
GC: PR4CT1C4LLY UNC1V1L1Z3D MURD3R1NG R1GHT TH3R3
TG: fair enough
TG: anyway how is everyone over there
TG: karkat still sizzling after my sicks burns
TG: is kanaya still making that stupid scarf with ironic moths on it
TG: oh wait
TG: is the mayor still there
TG: oh my god terezi please tell me the mayor is there
GC: WHO 1S TH3 M4YOR?
GC: 4LSO K4N4Y4 DO3SNT KNOW HOW TO KN1T YOU DUMBO
GC: 4T L34ST 1 DONT TH1NK SH3 KNOWS
GC: BUT K4RK4T 1S LOOK1NG PR3TTY S1ZZL3D R1GHT NOW
GC: 1 TH1NK H3S TURN1NG BR1GHT R3D. 1 C4N SM3LL 1T ALR34DY >:]
TG: wait
TG: you dont know the mayor

GC: 1 JUST S41D 1 D1DNT KNOW WHO H3 W4S
GC: 1 HOP3 TH3 R3ST OF TH3 HUM4NS 4R3NT 4S BR41N D34D 4S YOU S33M TO B3
GC: H4H4H4H4H4
GC: TH4T W4S 4 JOK3
GC: PR3TTY FUNNY, HUH?
GC: ...
GC: OH COM3 ON 4NSW3R M3
GC: 1 D1DNT OFF3ND YOU TOO MUCH D1D 1?

-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering gallowsCalibrator [GC] --

GC: >:[

===> Terezi: Flip your computer in anger.

No you won't do that. You're not that stupid, why would anyone do that? You guys don't have many computers here in the first place and to do so would be a wast---

Vriska flips over her computer.

For a second you're shocked but then you laugh, slapping your knee with a loud smack and doubling over in giggles. You're certain she's sent you a middle finger by now but this is far too hilarious and you don't care.

In the back of your mind you know to review that conversation. Might lead to something very, very interesting. >:]

===> Jade: Chat with Karkat.

Unlike everyone else, you aren't nervous at all. Well, you kind of are but not for the reasons everyone else has.

You're just more nervous about talking rather than finding.

You easily type in Karkat's name, carcinoGeneticist, and are about to start a conversation before you stop.

What will you even say?

A hello to break the ice? Maybe you should just go for the quick approach and ask what he remembers first, or would some small talk be better then you ask?

Eh, you'll try and wing it.

-- gardanGnostic [GG] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]

GG: so
GG: hey karkat!
CG: HELLO YOU LOWLY PIECE OF ALIENATED MEAT ORGAN.

CG: I'M SURPRISED YOU CAME TO TALK TO ME FIRST, WITH SUCH BOLD FAMILIARITY WITH MY DIVINE NAME AS WELL, BUT SEEING AS I AM YOUR ALL POWERFUL LORD AND SAVOIR TYPE GOD I ONLY IMAGINED THAT YOU WOULD CONTACT ME TO HAVE A FIRST GLANCE AT WHAT WILL BE YOUR RULER.
CG: I WOULD SAY I'M HUMBLED, BUT I'M REALLY NOT.
CG: INSTEAD OF THAT I'M MORE ALONG THE LINES OF MILDLY AMUSED AND CONTENT PASSIVENESS.
CG: YOU CAN TALK NOW IF YOU WANT.
CG: WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT MY ALL POWERFUL GLORIOUS POWER? HOPEFULLY YOUR COMPARATIVE FRUIT CUP LIKE INTELLIGENCE DOESN'T STOP YOU FROM WORSHIPING ME.
GG: god
GG: fucking
GG: DAMMIT

-- gardanGnostic [GG] ceased pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG] --

===> Karkat: Wonder what the ever-loving fuck just happened.

You do wonder. You aren't mad, not really, but you grunt in disappointment and annoyance. Probably used a way to strong approach for your first interaction. Now you know at least.

A sudden yell of anger makes you turn around to see Vriska ripping her computer off of it's set, wires and all, only to flip it over in a blind act of rage.

The room is silent for a bit and she blushes dark cerulean once she realizes what she just did. Terezi laughs her ass off in the background while Vriska glares at her and gives her the middle finger.

What the fuck are you going to do with these people?

===> Kids: Report back to Memo.

EB: vriska doesn't remember.
TG: no luck with terezi either
GG: karkat was karkat and he didnt remember a thing! :/
EB: rose? how about you?
TT: Kanaya doesn't remember.
TG: shit
TG: im sorry rose
TT: It's fine.
TT: Let's just focus on what to do next. Playing the game seems like an obvious choice.
TG: are you insane
TG: i know you have to be pretty disoriented from that thing
TG: but even you should know how much that stupid game fucked us up
TG: i do not want to play that horrible excuse of media again
GG: but if we dont we'll make a time paradox right
GG: i mean we need to play so john makes our ecto versions so that we exist

GG: and if we dont that never happens and we
GG: i don't know what happens but i suppose it would make a doomed timeline or something
GG: but technically we are here already
GG: and therefore that means we already cloned ourselves
GG: but then if we dont play the game
TG: stop
TG: don't try to wrap your head around it its not worth it
EB: anyway i actually agree with rose.
EB: the only way we can get to the trolls is if we play the game.
EB: but if we know how it plays out,
TT: Then we won't make any mistakes.
TT: Similar to a cheat code of sorts, Jade can make the Genesis Frog early, Dave knows how to keep the timeline sorted, John can reach god tier early and assist us if we need it, and now I know not to make the mistake of talking to Doc. Scratch.
TT: With the advantage we can, dare I say, win this.
EB: rose you stole my speech away.
TT: Sorry.
EB: no it's fine. you explained it better than i could have.
GG: so we play the game and just not make the same mistakes
TG: seems like a plan
TG: maybe we could warn the trolls about the murder spree too
TG: prevent a lot of shit from going down
TG: be heros or something
GG: i like this plan :)
GG: along the way maybe we can even get the trolls back their memories
TT: Yes. Everyone have their copy?
EB: yup!
TG: ive got my copy but i still need to send jade hers
GG: uh
GG: yeah still need to get it
GG: let me just warp down to the basement to grab it
GG: no rush
EB: okay jade come back when you get your copy.
GG: you better not tell any stories about me john
GG: or else ill tell them about
GG: the cake war
EB: you wouldn't dare.
GG: i would john
GG: i
GG: would
GG: :)
EB: :(
TG: sibling love at its finest
TT: I'm tempted to add a joke here.
TG: id be better if you dont
TT: Yeah.
EB: anyway.
EB: lets do this guys.

EB: lets sburb it up here.
TG: no
TG: that was fucking terrible
GG: it kinda was
GG: sorry john :|
TT: A for effort. F for failure.
EB: ugh.
EB: alright fine.
EB: time to play.
EB: see? now the witty one liner is ruined!
EB: this is what you've done!
TG: dont worry you dont need one liners to start this shit out
TT: You're fine anyway.
GG: yeah! one liners or no one liners!!!
EB: thanks guys.
EB: alright, no one linerness this time.
EB: lets go!

....

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===> ***An unknown time in the future.***

TT: Log number 4,130.
TT: It seems like were going down the rabbit hole with no stop in sight.
TT: Queen of Hearts, Ace of Diamonds, Jack of Spades, King of Clubs. Better hope. Better lives.
TT: Lets just pray we find no more jokers.

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased Memo "Loop Records.” --

End Notes

This is part of the 'Infinite Loop' series, and is the first official SpaceBattleForum snippet for the HomeStuck Loops. This was created by 3nderkiller77, aka me, who can be found here:

http://forums.spacebattles.com/members/3nderkiller77.313611/

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!